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Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal organs. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goiter, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

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Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, and the nerves are rendered disease-proof by this great invigorant.

Directions.—Take of the Bitters on going to bed at night from a half to one and one-half wineglassfull. Eat good nourishing food, such as beef steak, mutton chop, venison, roast beef, and vegetables, and take out-door exercise. They are composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and contain no spirit.

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DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of ZAHM & SON will expire by limitation on the *first day of June*, proximo, after which time the Mercantile business will be continued at the old stand by Geo. C. K. ZAHM. All persons indebted to the said firm will please call and settle their accounts without delay. JAS. B. ZAHM, the retiring member of the firm, will remain in the Store until the first day of July next, but after that date all unsettled accounts will be left with other parties for collection.
GEO. C. K. ZAHM,
JAS. B. ZAHM.
Ebensburg, May 20, 1872.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of ADAM ROBABAUGH, dec'd. Letters of Administration on the estate of Adam Robabaugh, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to the estate in question are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will please present them properly authenticated for settlement.
June 8.-6t.* JOHN ROBABAUGH, Adm'r.

MILLINERY & DRESSMAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg, wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. [June13-3y.]

THE BOY'S DEFENSE.

A CAPITAL STORY.

The scene was in Sacramento street, in front of a well known hotel. It was twenty-two years ago, and San Francisco was in her infancy.

Quite a crowd had gathered on the street, and the centre of attraction was a big fellow, who stood with a newspaper in his hand, raving and cursing.

"What's the matter, Wolf?" asked a new comer, who was evidently familiar with the irate man.

"Matter?" returned Wolf, for that was the man's name, "matter enough an rough enough it'll be for some folks The young whelps that prints this paper has gone and published somethin' 'bout me. O, I'll fix 'em. They had better go an' kil themselves after ten minutes; it'll be easier for 'em."

Wolf was a noted desperado, who, it was said, had killed more than twenty men, and but few knew him who did not fear him. He was at that time chief of a gang of loafers and gamblers that were nearly always to be found loafing in the vicinity alluded to, and disturbing the peace of the whole neighborhood daily with riotous conduct. If there was any law in those days it was seldom executed against such characters, and in the full consciousness that they were feared by every body they did pretty much as they pleased.

The newspaper which had given deadly offense to Wolf was a little weekly journal, and its office was in the second story of a building on the same street with the hotel I have mentioned, and only a few rods distant. It was published by two young men—or, I might say, boys, for they were only eighteen and twenty years old, respectively—named Darrell and Kaynes. The paper and its youthful proprietors were well known in the city of San Francisco.

The article which had excited the wrath of the ruffian Wolf was a bold denunciation of himself and his crowd for their lawless conduct, and it particularly mentioned him by name, characterizing him as a "blustering bully." It was the work of Darrel, a fearless boy hailing from one of the Western States. Before leaving his home in the Mississippi Valley, he had acquired a fair education, so that he could at least edit a newspaper in those early days; and he possessed, besides, that courage and daring which may be natural in the first place, and which are more thoroughly developed by exposure to danger and hardships—Young Kaynes was quite a different kind of person in point of courage, being of an unusually timorous nature.

To return to the scene on Sacramento street. Working himself up to his very worst mood—and his best was bad enough, Heaven knows—Wolf tore the paper to atoms and started for the publication office. He was followed by a curious rabble, most of whom were elated with the prospect of murder, though there were some present who would have remonstrated with the evil hearted man, had they dared.

"Just you watch," said Wolf, as he reached the door, "if you want to see their bloody carcasses tumble out o' the winder! It won't be long. I don't spend much time on such fellers."

It was the intention of the cruel hearted man to actually cut the throats of the two boyish journalists and throw their bodies out of the window for the gratification of the crowd and the further exaltation of his already fearful name. So, the mob on the street awaited the issue with feverish expectation, as Wolf, flourishing his knife and revolver, entered the rude frame building and rushed up stairs.

All unconscious of their danger, the two young editors were busily pursuing their work in their primitive office. If they had heard the noise without, they had paid no attention to it, supposing it was merely a street row such as they were accustomed to hearing every day. Darrell was sitting at a rude table writing, and Kaynes was at the counter arranging some papers for the mail.

They heard the clatter of heavy boots on the stairs, but thought it was some rough miner coming up to subscribe for the paper, or, perhaps, to see a lawyer who occupied a couple of rooms on the same floor; for the building was only a two story one, and the second floor was occupied exclusively by them and an attorney—their rooms being separated from his by a narrow hall-way that was reached by the flight of stairs alluded to.

"Ah ha! I've got you, my young imps!" exclaimed the desperado, bursting in.

Kaynes recognized him and turned pale. Being at the counter, which faced the door and extended across the room, he was naturally the first mark of Wolf's vengeance.

"Ye young devils!" he hissed, scowling like a mad man, "ye'll never write nor print nothin' more 'bout me!" Here he flourished his knife and revolver above his head. "I've got a sure thing on both on ye!" Saying this he looked about him, with a careful scrutiny, to see that there was no means of escape for the quiet youth at the table, who, of course, would not jump over the counter and try to pass him, but would cower down in a corner and take his turn at being killed; then he reached across the counter and seized Kaynes by the hair, which was, unfortunately, very long.

Coiling the terrified young man's locks around the fingers of the left hand, Wolf laid his revolver on the counter, without the slightest apprehensions that his youthful adversary would snatch it up and use it on him, as he might have done had he possessed the nerve, then flourishing his big gleaming knife deliberately, with pure devilishness, prolonging Kaynes' terror and pain.

"Now pray, you young un!" he hissed. "You've got a couple of seconds or so left—just while I'm clippin' yer ears off.—I'll take 'em off first, clean and smooth, then I'll cut yer throat an' throw yer out o' the winder. D'ye hear that?"

Such was Wolf's reliance on the terror that his name everywhere inspired that he had never dreamed of resistance. He simply intended to butcher the two young men, and such a thing as an obstacle wasn't to be thought of. Had Darrell possessed no more nerve than Kaynes there can be no doubt that they both would have been murdered then and there, in exact accordance with Wolf's programme.

"Time!" he said, grinding his teeth in an extasy of rage, and drawing Kaynes' white face closer to his own repulsive countenance.

"They're a waitin to see yer carcass drap down into the street." Here he flourished his knife and selected his mark.

"Right ear first. Watch how clean and smooth I'll take it off. I won't even touch a hair."

Kaynes bawled for mercy. "O—O—don't!" the poor fellow screamed, trembling with terror. "O, don't Mr. Wolf! I didn't write that, on my soul," and he whimpered like a school-boy.

"None o' yer lyin'!" said Wolf, fiercely. "Ye both wrote it, and ye'll both pay for it, darn ye!" Here he executed decided circles with his flashing knife, having evidently prolonged the tortures, as much as he dared.

"Here goes; look out when I count three!" The knife was ready to descend. "One—two."

He stopped and started. He had not observed the movements of Darrell during the past few seconds, and just as he was on the point of clipping off Kaynes' ear in the polished manner he had decided upon, he found the muzzle of a gun thrust almost into his face.

It was a loaded rifle which, luckily, a friend of Darrell's had left in his keeping that very morning, while he went out to make some purchases. It had stood in a corner of the room near his table, and Darrell had seized it, cocked and leveled it with such dexterity that he had Wolf covered before his movements were observed; and he stood motionless as a statue—his cool eye on the sights and a steady finger on the trigger.

"You great bully," he said; "drop that knife instantly. Mind, I came from a country where they shoot squirrels only through the eye. I can hit any hair of your big head that you will mention at a hundred yards. Drop that knife."

The ruffian was fairly paralyzed. He relaxed his grip on poor Kaynes, who sank fainting on the floor, and his murderous knife fell upon the counter. So unexpected was this bold attitude of Darrell that Wolf was more startled than he would have been if a dozen of the roughest men in California had assailed him.

There stood the boyish editor motionless as the wall, and the muzzle of the rifle did not move the breadth of a hair. Darrell held the life of the ruffian in his hands.

"You cowardly bully!" he repeated contemptuously. "Don't move; I can send a bullet through your eye ball without touching the white. Don't move the eighth part of an inch or I'll do it, and throw your filthy carcass out of the window!"

Wolf glanced at his revolver lying upon the counter, within two feet of his eye, but did not venture to reach for it.

"Dare to touch that revolver—so much as look at it again," said Darrell, "and I'll make a red picture on the wall behind you. You blustering, bragging knave! You are a coward at heart—a despicable cur! You came up here to murder two boys because you thought it a nice, easy task. Now you are pale and trembling with fear. I would kill you in your tracks but I don't want your dirty blood on my hands. Go, now. Turn instantly, leave your knife and revolver where they are I'll keep them. Go down to your friends on the street and tell them a boy whipped you—disarmed you and kicked you down stairs! Do as I tell you instantly. If you hesitate, you will never see the sun set."

Wolf, trembling from head to foot, glanced once more at his revolver, but did not dare to raise his hand. His face was pale and his lips were dry.

"Do you hear me!" demanded Darrell, sternly.

"Yes, yes; don't shoot!" replied Wolf, turning about as commanded. He was thoroughly cowed.

"Do not turn your ugly face this way again," said Darrell, "or you will pay for it with your life. Move!"

Tamer than a whipped cur, the ruffian moved toward the door, and Darrell, springing over the counter, was at his heels in an instant.

"Don't look back, or I'll kill you."

Meekly obeying the imperative orders of the youth, Wolf moved slowly out of the room into the narrow corridor.

"Be careful; don't—don't let that gun go off." Wolf stammered, as he reached the head of the stairs.

At this moment the clamors of the impatient crowd below arose with a terrible distinctness, and one shrill voice was heard to say:

"Hurry up, Wolf, why don't you throw them fellers out?"

Exasperated beyond measure, he was on the point of turning back, at the risk of his life, for after all his braggadocia how could he face those below, disarmed and chased out of the building by one of those puny boys he had intended so terribly to chastise.

But Darrell was after him, and with one vigorous kick sent him heels over head down the wooden stairs with a thundering clatter, and rolling over the door sill, the defeated bully actually tumbled out upon the street before he could recover his equilibrium.

"Hello! How's this? What's up?" asked a dozen voices at once, as the dreaded man reappeared in his undignified shape without having sent any corpses down from the window.

"Why, I simply kicked him down stairs—that's what's the matter!" responded the boyish voice of Darrell at the head of the stairs; "and if he comes up here again I won't let him off so easy. Don't be afraid of him; I took all his weapons from him."

Wolf struggled to his feet, rubbing his head, and presenting such a ludicrous appearance that he was greeted with loud jeers and bursts of laughter. So completely had he tumbled from his lofty eminence in the eyes of those who either admired or feared a bold murderer, that those who an hour ago would have dreaded to offend him by word or look, now regarded him only with contempt—laughed at and derided him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" resounded on all sides. "Licked by a boy! Bah! Kicked down stairs by a child! Got your barkers took from you! Where's your knife? Where's them corpses? Ha, ha, ha! You ought to be egged out of town! Three groans for Wolf!" and the three groans were given with a will.

"Three cheers for the little boy who licked him!" was responded to by three loud and enthusiastic cheers.

Never before had the rough crowd seen a man with an established reputation, like Mr. Wolf, thus suddenly fall to such a depth of degradation. All his name, fame, prestige, melted away like mist, and he was no longer feared—no longer respected by the low thieves and cut throats around him—only despised. Yes, despised by the meanest creatures, whom he had oftentimes bullied as though they had been hounds.

How little, how pusillanimous he looked now as he slunk away toward Montgomery street. Those who had known him for the last year and regarded him as a giant, now fancied that he stood barely five feet six in his boots. The dread that had surrounded his name had cleared away like a vapor.

Such was Wolf's mortification when he came fully to realize what a pitiable figure he cut, that he left San Francisco and was seen in her streets no more. The fatality which had apparently thus far shielded him in his murderous work now suddenly deserted him. He was destined never to commit another murder; but was himself shot dead in Sacramento within three weeks after the event narrated.

I do not know what has become of Kaynes, or whether he is still alive; but I know that Darrell, the brave boy whose coolness and courage saved them both, is to-day a gentleman of position, residing in a flourishing city in Nevada.

HOW A DUTCHMAN SMOKED.—A Dutch gentleman, who enjoyed the soubriquet of King of Smokers, has lately died near Rotterdam, in the neighborhood of which city he had erected a mansion in which he had a collection of pipes arranged according to their nationality and chronological order. Mr. Klaas, who had acquired a large fortune in the linen trade, has made a most whimsical will. Ten pounds of tobacco and two Dutch pipes, of the newest fashion, are to be presented to all smokers who attend his funeral. He further desired that his coffin should be lined with the cedar of old Havana cigar boxes, and that his favorite pipe be placed by his side, with matches and tinder, as there was no knowing what might happen. It has been calculated that during his life of eighty years he had drunk about five hundred thousand quarts of beer and smoked more than four tons of tobacco.

YOUNG MEN who will sit up late on Saturday nights playing cards, and go to church next morning with a "full deck" in their pockets, should be careful about their being so bestowed as not to fall out. When Bob Howe went to the Baptist meeting in Circleville, and took his seat with his sweetheart in the front pew in the gallery, he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and drawing it rather suddenly from the breast pocket, drew out with it the entire pack of "Colieu's best linen," which flew all about below. The good minister "saw" it, and knowing whereof he spoke, simply observed, "Young man, your psalmbook has been poorly bound."

That seemed to be the prevalent impression.

WYOMING, PA., has a female judge, and the people are bothered to know whether to call her a justicess of the peace or a justice of the peacess.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

AN EDITOR'S TALE.

"You want what?"

Yes, that is exactly what we said to the wife of our bosom, in response to what we considered a very revolutionary exclamation on her part. We had just got home to tea, had taken up the paper, and were nobly struggling with a very lucid editorial, which went on to show, in a remarkably thrilling manner, that if the duty on the raw material of cotton was reduced one one-sixteenth per cent., that exactly 9,864 mechanics would be reduced to starvation, and the average duration of their existence depressed to the logarithm of 44,852. We laid down the paper, took our glasses off, rubbed them with our handkerchief, readjusted them on the bridge of our Grecian nose, and, looking straight at the partner of our joys, sorrows, and salary, said:

"You want what?"

"A 'Dolly Varden,'" the old lady exclaimed, somewhat excitedly, at the same time spilling some of her cup of tea she was handing us upon the last born's rather defenseless head. After the baby had been suppressed, which took some time, she repeated:

"A 'Dolly Varden!'"

With all the solemnity of which we are possessed, and we have enough to change a plank into a coffin by simply looking at it, we arose in our seat, and with that celebrated wave of the hand of Henry Clay when he bade farewell to the Senate, said:

"Madam, you are well acquainted with the fact that my position as a reviewer of current literature, is an honorable position, Madam, which I may remark in parens thesis, supplies this tender brood with life-sustaining bread, and keeps the wolf from the door, (here we gracefully waved toward the backyard, as if implying that the wolf was prowling around among the gooseberry bushes,) entitle me to speak understandingly upon the character of fiction. Now, as I take it, Dolly Varden was the lovely daughter of Gabriel Varden, the locksmith of London, as will be ascertained by reference to 'Barnaby Rudge,' written by the late lamented Charles Dickens. In this view of the case, if I, who am but in the prime of life, should have said, 'I would like to have a Dolly Varden—'"

"You're a fool, old man; sit down I'll show you what I mean. Matilda, bring your father the last number of Harper's Bazar."

Matilda is our eldest, the flower of our flock, her father's pride, her mother joy. She arose, took position No. 3 of her dancing lessons taught in a very select academy of Prof. Hoppety Skippety, where she is a scholar, and glided like a sunbeam from the room. (We would not like to be qualified to the fact that we ever saw a sunbeam glide from the room, but that's the way the writers put it, and that's the way she glode.)

She returned with the paper, and our wife proceeded at once to move upon our intrenchments with what she meant by 'Dolly Varden.' The wonders of this dress at last stole upon our mind. We were told that it was all the rage, that nothing else was fashionable, and that our position in society depends upon having at least one Dolly Varden in the family.

In an evil hour we consented. The Dolly Varden should be bought, and with many an inward groan we counted the cash.

We had not as yet had our eyes gladdened with a sight of this wonderful creation. The description given us was vague and hazy, but we waited patiently for the denouement. And we didn't wait in vain. We saw the Dolly Varden at last, and the shock to our nervous frame was tremendous.

Returning home one night we missed from the supper table the presence of our wife. To Matilda we said:

"Where is your mother, child?"

"Her dress has just come home, and she wants to surprise you in it," answered our daughter.

Suddenly the door swung open and a lady entered.

There was a sort of wild look in her eye, as we imagined, and she was attired in the most outlandish style, having on a dress with sun-flowers and cabbages and pumpkins, worked all over it, and a lot of snakes squirming around for a background.

Rising, we said, "Madam, whom do you wish to see?" supposing, you know, that the girl had left her in.

"Poor thing! she's crazy," we added. "Just look with what a grotesque fancy she had bedecked herself. Speak to her, Matilda, or call your mother," and having said this we sighed compassionately, and shook our head in a mournful manner.

Suddenly that weird female made a bolt at us, grasped our Adam's apple in a fiendish manner, and choked us until our face looked like a banner of the Commune.

We had barely breath enough left to gasp "Woman, what mean you? Matilda spring a rattle out of the parlor window!" when the supposed maniac flopped us down into a chair, narrowly missing crushing George Augustus, our three year old, to death, who had just slid off, and said or rather shrieked:

"You don't know me? I'm crazy, am I? You don't know your wife!"

Our under jaw dropped in the cheerful manner appertaining to skeletons at the museum, and we could do no more than look with a sort of idiotic stare, first at the speaker and then at Matilda. "That lovely child at last said, "Don't you know me, father? That's her Dolly Varden; she put it on to show you."

After gasping awhile and rolling our eyes around, and putting our hand to our head, and chuckling wildly to ourself, we came to our senses, and the idea suddenly flashed upon us that this was the lady who loved, honored and disobeyed us, and the snakes, the flowers, and cabbages constituted the Dolly Varden.

Then we towered to the height of our indignation, and in a calm, measured and sepulchral tone said:

"You can't blame me, madam, for supposing you an insane woman; and now that I know you are really the mother of those interesting children, will you have the kindness to retire to the sanctity of your chamber and peel yourself of that piece of furniture chintz, or window curtain, or whatever you call it?"

"Window curtain! chintz!" said our spouse; "why, it's you that's out of your head. That's a Dolly Varden, and a very pretty pattern too."

"Madam," we replied, "we may be out of our head, but if that is a Dolly Varden, we are most decidedly out of pocket. Why it looks like a circus dress, and the idea of a woman at your time in life—"

"My time in life!"

"Yes, your time in life. The next thing, I suppose, you will be practicing the trapeze in the back yard—"

"See here, now—"

"Why, it is enough to give a man the delirium tremens to look at it. Who ever saw such a pattern? It's flash wall paper run mad."

"Samuel—"

"You look exactly like some Japanese tea sign—"

"Will you—"

"I won't do anything of the kind.—You just bounce out of here with that Feejee battle flag, or you'll scare the baby to death," and, having spoken our mind, we sat down.

There was an ominous pause for a moment, and then Mattie said:

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, father. It's all the style, and I am going to have one too: there now."

We felt our brain reeling.

"Yes, and I want one; all the girls have got them." Thus spoke Maria, our second eldest.

We felt it coming on—we knew we were going mad.

"Any more?" we gasped; "are there any more? Hadn't the baby better have one on? I guess I'll get one myself.—How do they make up for pantaloons? Ah! ha! ha! (demonically.) Let me have a Dolly Varden. Let me clutch it. Bring me a pattern of monkeys scaling lamp posts. How would a Chinese puzzle look or a map of Fairmount Park."

* * * * * * *

All the rest is a blank. We have just been liberated from Kirkbride's and pronounced cured. But the only way they managed it was to dress us up in a Dolly Varden, marked out with the ground plan of the streets of Boston. We are an humbled man, and our family wear Dolly Vardens.

A ROMANTIC WINDFALL.—At the pleasant village of Peakridge, near Stafford, England, a retired baker, Rogers by name, has for some few years past lived on a small competency. Mr Rogers is a widower, but without family, and during his wedded life, he was the kindest of husbands. Soon after the death of his wife, Mr. Rogers by some means made the acquaintance of a maiden lady possessed of fabulous wealth, but of a miserly disposition, residing in Cumberland. Four years ago this lady, taking advantage of leap year, intimated to Mr. Rogers, in terms not to be mistaken, her willingness to bestow on him her hand, heart and heritage. Mr. Rogers politely, but firmly, declined the proposal, and heard nothing more of his amorous admirer until about six months ago, when a letter, written by her hand, summoned him to the side of what she feared, and what subsequently proved to be, her death-bed. Even to this appeal Mr. Rogers was obdurate, contenting himself by writing a stiff, formal note of condolence. A week or two afterwards the old lady died, bequeathing to Mr. Rogers a fortune variously estimated at £4 000 to £6,000 per annum. The lady was not connected by relationship with Mr. Rogers, and the latter had, if anything, an aversion to her. Her affection, however, seems to have been sincere, for although she had nephews and nieces who diligently courted her favor, Mr. Rogers comes in for the bulk of her property, and the will is witnessed by a lawyer and two medical gentlemen of eminence, a precaution taken, no doubt, lest interested persons should contest the validity of the document by raising the plea of insanity. Mr. Rogers is a gentleman of unassuming and almost retiring manners; and it is said that he is considerably perplexed, and even troubled, by the news of his good fortune. A large estate in Cumberland, a mansion in Belgravia, picture galleries, horses, broughams, and a suite of servants, must be a great change—all the greater because of its suddenness—to one who has hitherto lived an obscure life of happy contentment in a little cottage on the banks of the Penk.—*Birmingham News.*

JAPANESE auctions are conducted on a novel plan, but one which gives rise to none of the noise and confusion which attend such sales in America. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a box. When the bidding is over, the box is opened by the auctioneer, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : : June 29, 1872.

Democratic State Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR:
CHAS. R. BUCKALEW, of Columbia County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
JAMES THOMPSON, of Erie County.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
WILLIAM HARTLEY, of Bedford County.
FOR CONGRESSMEN AT LARGE:
RICHARD VAUX, of Philadelphia.
JAMES H. HOPKINS, of Pittsburgh.
HENDRICK B. WRIGHT, of Luzerne County.

Delegates to Constitutional Convention:

1. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, Philadelphia.
2. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, York.
3. WILLIAM BIGLER, Clearfield.
4. WILLIAM J. BAER, Somerset.
5. WILLIAM H. SMITH, Allegheny.
6. F. B. GOWEN, Philadelphia.
7. JOHN H. CAMPBELL, Philadelphia.
8. S. H. REYNOLDS, Lancaster.
9. JAMES ELLIS, Schuylkill.
10. S. C. T. DODD, Venango.
11. G. M. DALLAS, Philadelphia.
12. R. A. LAMBERTON, Dauphin.
13. A. A. PURMAN, Greene.
14. WILLIAM M. CORBETT, Clarion.

Electors—Senatorial.

EDGAR COWAN, of Westmoreland County.
GEORGE W. SKINNER, of Franklin County.

Electors—Representative.

SELDEN MARVIN, of Erie.
JOHN S. MILLER, of Huntingdon.
E. GROSS FRY, of Philadelphia.

Dist.	Dist.
1. Thomas J. Barger.	13. D. Loweaberg.
2. Stephen Anderson.	14. J. M'Knight.
3. John Moffat.	15. Henry Welsh.
4. George H. Burrel.	16. Henry J. Stahley.
5. (Not agreed upon.)	17. R. W. Christy.
6. Isaiah B. Houpt.	18. William F. Logan.
7. Samuel A. Dyer.	19. R. B. Brown.
8. Jesse B. Hawley.	20. F. M. Robinson.
9. H. B. Swarr.	21. J. R. Molten.
10. B. Riley.	22. T. H. Stevenson.
11. John Kunkle.	23. John B. Bard.
12. F. W. Gunster.	24. George W. Miller.

Democratic County Nominations.

Assembly—JOHN HANNAN, Johnstown.
Reg. and Rec.—JAS. M. SINGER, Jackson Twp.
Commissioner—ANTHONY ANNA, Chest Twp.
P. H. Director—JOHN BLOCH, Johnstown.
Auditor—PETER DOUGHERTY, Summitville.

The Trouble of the "Tribune."

The editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*, with a courage almost heroic, returns in his last paper to his stereotyped assault on the County Commissioners for their refusal to enforce Samuel Henry's *attempt* to pass an act of Assembly changing the mode of collecting taxes in Cambria county. We will pass by his insinuations against the Commissioners, all of which we have disposed of heretofore, and will refer once more to the facts connected with the passage of this act, which, so far as the member from Cambria is concerned, is a burlesque on legislation. The first section of the bill provides "That from and after the passage of this act, it should be the duty of the Commissioners of Cambria county, in each and every year immediately after the assessment of taxes for State and County purposes shall be completed, *not later than the first Monday in April*, to cause their clerk to make out a fair duplicate of all seated real estate and personal property assessed, with the taxes thereon, in a convenient form, and deliver the same to the Treasurer of said county,' &c. This is the first and controlling section of samuel Henry's tax bill, which is as frail and rickety as a specimen of legislation as was the celebrated house that Jack built. This bill was introduced into the House in March, and it is to be presumed that its author carefully watched the progress of his own legislative bantling from its birth to maturity. That such a law was in contemplation, was kept a profound secret, and the first notice the Commissioners ever had of its passage was on the 9th of April, the day after the Governor signed it, and *eight days* after it was to go into operation by the terms of the first section.

It is not denied that the bill passed the Senate on the *third* of April, and yet it was to take effect on the *first* day of that month, and "*not later.*" Mr. Henry knew, or ought to have known, that the first Monday in April was the first day of the month, and that on that day the bill had not passed the Senate, and was therefore no law at all. In other words, a bill which did not become a law until it was approved by the Governor on the 8th of April was permitted to pass in such a shape as to require the Commissioners to execute it on the *first day* of that month, and "not later." Could legislative bungling and stupidity go further! Why did not Samuel Henry, when the bill was before the Senate on the third of April, get his friend Harry White to amend it, by striking out the words "not later than the first Monday in April," and insert "not later than the first Monday in May?' This would have obviated all difficulty, and would have given the Commissioners fair and reasonable notice of what they were required to do. But this was not done; and now the Commissioners are fiercely denounced for not enforcing a law, which, by its own terms, so far as the year 1872 is concerned, defeated itself. The opinion of the Attorney General, upon which the *Tribune* places so much reliance, is in the handwriting of one of his deputies or clerks, and shows conclusively that he knows as little about the construction of an act of Assembly as he does about the language of the Choctaws. Not even a layman, much less a lawyer, will stultify himself by saying that an act of the Legislature approved on the 8th of April could be enforced on the *first* day of the same month. The mere statement of the proposition carries with it its own refutation. How much weight ought to be given to an opinion of the present Attorney General on this or any other question, may be estimated from the fact, that on the 17th of February, 1871, he wrote a message for John W. Geary vetoing a supplement to the District Court bill, in which he "earnestly" recommended the repeal of the original act of the 13th of April, 1869, establishing the Court, and then in September, 1871, seven months afterwards, if John W. Geary told the truth in his telegraphic dispatch to Sheriff Bonacker, advised Geary to revive the District Court by the appointment of James Potts as President Judge and George T. Swank as Clerk. The opinion of such an Attorney General is not worth anything more, so far as *honesty* is concerned, than would be the decision of a Judge reversing his own former opinion, upon the same law and facts, in a given case.

In the case referred to by the *Tribune*, in 16 Smith, it is only necessary to say that the language of the Act of Assembly in that case is entirely different from and bears no analogy to that contained in the Cambria county tax law. We will now dismiss this subject finally, and merely add that if the editor of the *Tribune* supposes he can make any political capital for Samuel Henry by denouncing the Commissioners for their course in reference to the tax law, in favor of whose passage not a single petition was ever seen in any part of the county, he is at liberty to indulge his morbid taste in that reprehensible way to his heart's content—*usque ad nauseam*.

The Difference.

The marked difference between Charles R. Buckalew and John F. Hartranft, in an intellectual point of view, was made conspicuously, and, to an intelligent Republican, painfully manifest, in the speeches which they delivered to the conventions by which they were nominated. We have already published Mr. Buckalew's admirable address, and it need not be reproduced here. It was able, dignified, and patriotic, and showed him to be an honest man and an enlightened statesman The Philadelphia *Press* pronounced it "a patriotic effort, and one which carries us back to the early days of the Republic, when honesty and intelligence were the standards of fitness for office."

When Hartranft was nominated by the "ring and rowdy" radical convention at Harrisburg, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, a Republican paper, reported his speech as follows:

Major General John F. Hartranft was then introduced. This was a signal for prolonged applause and cheers As soon as order was restored he commenced his remarks by thanking the audience for the flattering reception, and said he expected that he would often meet his Philadelphia friends during the summer. He felt, without regard to himself, great hopes of the ultimate result of the republican ticket.

In 1868 it was necessary for the good of the country that General Grant should be elected, and every man now who is not influenced by private disappointment or greed of office believes that it is not only a necessity that he should be retained in office, but a military necessity! He here begged the audience to excuse him from any further remarks, and bowing, returned to his seat on the stage.

This impromptu burst of eloquence reminds one of the lofty flights John W. Geary, our "bullet-riddled" Governor, has sometimes reached when he puts on his highest airs of oratory and does his level best to tickle the ears of the groundlings. Geary and Hartranft! "*Arcades ambo!*" The offensive and disgusting part of this puerile address is the declaration made by John F. Hartranft, *seven years* after the close of the rebellion, that Grant should be retained in office as "*a military necessity.*" Where is the honest and intelligent Republican in the State who will endorse such an infamous pretense? Hartranft's own political friends in Congress have since given it the lie by passing, in obedience to the thundering demand of the Cincinnati Convention, an amnesty bill, partial in its operation, but still a great advance in that direction. It does not therefore become John F. Hartranft, who superintended all the preliminary preparations for the military murder of Mrs. Surratt, now admitted to have been an innocent woman, to attempt to revive and perpetuate in all their intense bitterness the fierce animosities and burning hatreds engendered between the North and the South by the civil war, by making the senseless and demagogical assertion that the re-election of Grant is a "military necessity."

Military necessity is and always was the plea of tyrants, and in all ages has been the pretext for the commission of the most flagrant assaults upon civil liberty. In this country, and under radical rule, it is nothing more nor less than Grantism. It means the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* and bayonet rule in the South and all over the country—it means oppression, and is the sum of all political villainies. The people will spurn it, and neither Hartranft nor Grant can ever thus make slaves either of the people of this State, or of the Union.

THE Secretary of the Treasury having found it impracticable to prepare the necessary regulations and instructions for the new tariff by the first of July, it will therefore not go into effect until the first of August.

GENERAL A. B. MCCALMONT, of Venango county, was a candidate before the Reading convention for the nomination for Governor. He is a gentleman of high character and acknowledged ability, and although his name in connection with the nomination had only been mentioned a short time before the meeting of the convention, he received a highly flattering support from his own section of the State. After the nomination of Mr. Buckalew, a ratification meeting was held at Titusville, in the oil regions, at which Gen. McCalmont delivered as able a speech as we have read for a long time. He disposed of the radical twaddle about Grant belonging to the working class, in the following neat and summary manner:

I confess it would have been an unpardonable political dodge to have got up campaign pictures representing Asa Packer with a lamp stuck in the front of his cap picking for anthracite in a damp mine; and, if your speaker had been successful in obtaining the nomination, it would have been rather a sharp practice to represent him covered with oil and third sand, in the centre of the derrick, handling a large cable with the motto over his head, "Behold the son of toil."

And yet my friends, is it any less a fraud to attempt to palm off upon the laboring men of the country a West Point graduate—one not merely, as it is mildly put, "educated at the public expense," but also one who is paid by the public for the labor of learning—a man started in life, covered with good clothes and buttons, the admiration of the girls and the envy of the boys, with a salary out of the public treasury larger than that of many middle aged book-keepers and accountants—is it any less absurd, I ask, to foist such a man upon the country as one of the hardy sons of labor, and call upon the laboring men of the country to rally in his support?

THE New Jersey Democratic State Convention met at Trenton on last Wednesday, and elected delegates to the Baltimore Convention. They are uninstructed, but are known to be in favor of Greeley and Brown. On the same day, the Georgia State Convention elected Greeley delegates to Baltimore. The same thing was done by the Mississippi Convention on the same day. On that day, also, the Democratic and Liberal Republican Conventions of Illinois met at Springfield. The same State ticket, consisting of Republicans and Democrats, was adopted by both conventions. The candidate for Governor is Gustavus A. Koerner, Republican, and for Lieutenant Governor, Gen. Charles Black, Democrat. Both conventions endorsed the Cincinnati ticket. The following dispatch was received by these two conventions from the Mississippi Convention, and an appropriate answer returned:

"JACKSON, Miss., June 20.—To the Presidents Democratic and Liberal Conventions: The democrats and conservatives of Mississippi in convention assembled send greetings to the democrats and liberal republicans of Illinois, and propose to clasp hands with the great west over the bloody chasm made by the war.
"J. W. WATSON, President."

ANOTHER of Grant's most remarkable and disgraceful appointments was made on the occasion of his recent flying visit from Long Branch to Washington. A short time before the adjournment of Congress, a carpet-bagger from Connecticut, named Clarke, who had obtained a seat in that body from one of the Texas districts under a false and fraudulent certificate from the radical Governor of the State, was unanimously expelled from his seat in the House on a unanimous report by the Committee on Elections, that he held it by the perpetration of the grossest and most palpable frauds. Yet, in the face of this verdict of the House of Representatives, and in violation of Grant's boasted civil service reform, the present postmaster (McKee) is summarily removed on the charge of favoring the election of Horace Greeley, and a dishonored Congressman, reeking with the most infamous fraud on the ballot box, is appointed to supply his place. Such is Grantism, pure and unalloyed.

THE following article is from the Grand Rapid *Daily Press*, published in Michigan on the 24th. It is Republican authority, and comes from one of the leading radical papers in that State:

We have important intelligence from the old War Governor of Michigan, Hon. Austin Blair. It is that he will not in any event support Grant, and that if Greeley is endorsed at Baltimore he will take the stump for Greeley. The Governor does not conceal his sentiments. He says that the stampede from Grant to Greeley will not be by one or two, but by platoons. He thinks Michigan will go for Greeley, if a cordial union is effected between the opponents of Grant.

We have direct and reliable information from Senator Sumner, and important facts respecting his position. He is now preparing a speech upon the finances of the country, and the financial administration of President Grant. It will astonish the American people when delivered. Should Greeley be nominated at Baltimore the Senator is prepared to speak to his countrymen in favor of the election of Greeley to the Presidency.

THE Harrisburg *Patriot* says a letter has been received in that city from Titian J. Coffey, Secretary of Legation to Gov. Curtin, Minister to Russia, in which he states that he will return to this country in July, and that he will take the stump in favor of the election of Greeley and Brown. Gov. Curtin is coming home about the same time, and it is said that he will do likewise.

THE Democratic convention in the Third legislative district in Philadelphia met last Wednesday, and nominated the notorious Sam. Josephs for re-election. The men who committed this unpardonable sin against political morality ought now to go and hang themselves.

News of the Week.

—Alaska covers 859,529,600 acres.

—Florida hasn't a daily newspaper.

—New York's death-rate is the largest in the world.

—A new style of fan has a vinaigrette in the handle.

—A Detroit woman struck by lightning shouted for the police.

—It cost the New York *Herald* $20,000 to find Dr. Livingstone.

—Schuyler Colfax Smith languishes in an Indiana jail for horse stealing.

—A Mount Washington party had some snow balling a day or two since.

—Rafts over a mile long are traveling down the Mississippi from Minnesota to New Orleans.

—Ulysses, the President's second son, sailed from New York on Saturday last for Europe.

—Four men escaped from the Lycoming county jail on Thursday night week. A reward of $200 is offered for their apprehension.

—Negotiations with Germany for the gradual evacuation of France as the installments of the indemnity are paid, are proceeding satisfactorily.

—The New Hampshire House of Representatives has elected B Wadleigh, U. S. Senator. He received 204 votes to 186 for Bingham and 1 for Patterson.

—Ex-President Johnson has received $4,000, the amount of income tax on his salary, which has been refunded under a recent judicial decision in the case of President Grant.

—The eight-hour strike is growing formidable in Philadelphia as well as New York, though actual success has not yet crowned the movement in either city to any very great extent.

—A democratic newspaper of Missouri suggests that the Hon. Wm. A. Wallace be selected as chairman of the national democratic executive committee in the room of August Belmont.

—A cow and a German woman in Minnesota, under the same yoke, hauled through the day a drag after the seeder run by the woman's husband with a span of horses.—The cow was completely exhausted.

—A Virginia toll keeper was lately brought before a magistrate for inhumanly beating his daughter because she never "telled her love" when she had charge of the gate, but permitted him to drive through free of charge.

—The best game of bluff in San Francisco is played by a young girl of eighteen. She has been known to "raise" her opponent $20,000 on a single pair, and is worth a quarter of a million, the proceeds of her "poker" performances.

—The steam boiler in the yard of the Columbus, Ohio, Penitentiary, exploded on Friday last, killing a number of the convicts and seriously injuring nearly one hundred, besides doing great injury to the buildings and surrounding property.

—Miss Tennie C. Clafin has been elected Colonel of the Eighty-fifth Regiment, New York State Militia (colored), receiving 195 votes to 50 in opposition. She had offered herself to the Ninth, but the members being white men, she was defeated.

—We have only escaped the threatened danger of being knocked out of time by some eccentric comet to be menaced by another equally disquieting. Sir Charles Lyell says the whole of North America will be washed into the ocean 4,500,000 years hence.

—The Liberal Republican State Committee are now fitting up rooms at the northeast corner of Broad and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. The committe has Hon. A. K. McClure for chairman and Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, and E. H. Rauch, of Lancaster, secretaries.

—A Franklin farmer while plowing the other day, discovered a number of potato bugs at the bottom of the furrow. They were apparently frozen stiff but on being exposed to the sun they revived and immediately inquired the way to the nearest potato patch.

—And now we find recorded in the papers an account of another venerable colored man who has fallen a victim to the poisonous influence of tobacco. He smoked and chewed himself into a decline in the short space of 110 years, and was cut off (fine-cut) in his prime at 118.

—A gentleman, residing in a neighboring city, recently became very ill, and told a neighbor that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it, whereupon the sympathizing friend sent for a fire insurance agent.

—The editor of the Indianapolis Evening Journal has been fishing, and moralizes thus; "The biggest fish is always the one that got away. As regards fish, all men are liars. Men who adhere to the truth with rigid exactness, in other particulars, lie outrageously in the matter of fish.

—One of the most horrid railroad accidents that has happened in this country, occurred near Belleville, Canada, on last Saturday night. It appears the engine jumped the track, together with a number of cars, which telescoped on the locomotive, scalding and killing from 60 to 70 persons.

—*Wilkes Spirit*, once a strong Grant organ, now says of him: "He was taken on faith—a political promissory note with a forged indorsement—and so he might now; but the people have the advantage of knowing him thoroughly, his tyranny, his faithlessness, and his insatiable ambition stand disclosed."

—The Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the M. E. Church, Leavenworth, in bidding his friends good-bye, attempted to kiss a young lady, whereupon her sweetheart, named Brown, who was present, ran out and got a hatchet and cut Thompson in the head and shoulder, inflicting a wound from which he cannot possibly recover.

—A locomotive on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad ran over two unknown men, who were lying across the track, near Steubenville, Ohio, on Monday, and severed their heads and feet from their bodies. On one of the men was found a revolver and a pass-book, with the name of William Lloyd written in it.

—An attendant at Mount Vernon not long ago observed a lady weeping most bitterly, her handkerchief to her eyes. Going up to her he said, "Are you in trouble, madame?" "No, sir," she sobbed. "I saw you weeping." "Ah," she said, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the father of his country?" "Oh indeed, madame," said he, "that's it. The tomb's over yonder. This is the icehouse."

—The *Village Record* says: Martin Vail, residing in West Brandywine, Chester county, is the possessor of a four legged chicken, that carries off the champion belt. No puny fowl is it, only a few days old; it is a year old and lays four eggs after the manner of bifurcated gallinacæ. It used to walk on all four legs, but seeing that none of its neighbors went in that manner, it has of late carried its extra legs in the air.

—About five hundred Indians held their annual "medicine dance" near Trempealeau, on Sunday, May 19. The ceremonies were conducted by Chief Short Wing, and the incoming medicine man was inaugurated by stripping him of his clothing, and marching him around the inclosure in a nude state, while all the braves and bravesses followed, shaking gourds and beating a drum. The meeting was very orderly.

—The largest stationary steam-engine in the world is the one recently erected at Friedensburg, Schuylkill county, Pa. It is 3,000 horse-power weighs 1,800,000 pounds; the heaviest piece weighs 48,000 pounds; the cylinder is 110¼ inches in diameter; the stroke 10 feet long; the two wrought-iron shafts weigh 82,000 pounds each, and the crank-pin 2,000 pounds.

—The Philadelphia *Press* shows that in twenty-seven counties of this State Mr. Buckalew will gain more than 11 000 votes over the ordinary strength of the Democratic party. This is conceding his election three months before it takes place. If Buckalew should carry the State by 30,000 in October, what will prevent 50,000 majority for Greeley and Brown in November?

—The Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, on the 15th, decided that the illegal adjournment of the lower House of the Legislature last winter for more than three days without the consent of the Senate, did not work a dissolution of the Assembly, as the minority had power to meet and enforce the attendance of the absentees. It is now said the case will go to the Supreme Court.

—A rumor that Gov. Geary had been killed in a collision on a railroad at some point west of Boston, while on his way home from the Boston Jubilee, created considerable excitement on Saturday. The fears of his friends were allayed on Sunday by the receipt of a telegram at Harrisburg, from the Governor himself, stating that he was well, and would return to Harrisburg on Tuesday last.

—A conductor of a freight train on the New York Central road, recently, was at first flattered, then amazed, and then indignant at the fact while passing through Syracuse everybody made signals to him and pointed to his train. He finally in his wrath responded by sundry digital gyrations, which ceased when he discovered that one of the grain cars was leaking corn at the rate of a bushel a minute.

—Somebody has found out that Mrs. H. G. does not believe in the election of H. G. This is a great discovery. But is the impertinent fellow who has given it publicity sure that it is reliable and authentic? Shortly after Mr. Lincoln entered upon the presidency some one asked Little Tad: "How does your father like to be president?" "I don't know how pa likes it," he replied, "but ma likes it first-rate."

—Pensioners, on account of the loss of any members of the body, are, under Act of June 6th, 1866, entitled to an increase by the Act of Congress passed May 27th, 1872. No lawyers need apply their persuasion to secure the amount for the pensioner, as the old pension papers will be sufficient to establish the claim whenever it will be allowed. The Department will soon issue special instructions in reference to the matter.

—A special telegram to the New York *World* from its correspondent at Geneva gives an account of an interview with Hon. Charles Francis Adams, in which the latter said: "I adhere to the principles laid before the Cincinnati Convention, and would accept the Baltimore nomination if the platform is good and the offer spontaneous, but I will never be 'wire-pulled' into place. I am deeply concerned for State rights in the future."

—The Denver and Rio Grande Railway was completed to Pueblo, Colorado, on the 10th inst., the last rail having been laid on that day. Freight and passengers for New Mexico will now go by rail *via* Denver to the above point, thus cutting off over one hundred miles of transportation by wagon route. It will be but a short time until this route, connecting with the Texas system of roads, will be opened through to El Paso and the City of Mexico, farming a narrow gauge road of over 2 000 miles in length.

—On Wednesday one of our policemen started from the jail with a prisoner arrested for drunkenness to go to the alderman's office to have the case disposed of. The prisoner was accompanied by his employer, who intended paying the bill. Arriving at the alderman's office, that functionary was absent and the policeman started in search of him, leaving the prisoner hand-cuffed, with his employer for a guard. After waiting half an hour or so for the officer the prisoner got tired waiting, and started for the woods back of the Jamestown depot. When the officer returned he went in search of his man but failed to get him. The handcuffs were valued at $4; no insurance.—*Venango Spectator*.

—Some two or three weeks ago we published a notice of the killing of a man near Bridgeport. It was at first supposed he was murdered, but afterward it was thought he was struck and killed by the cars.—The man was known as Pinceem along the railroad. His true name was Patrick Toll. Mr. T. was in the rebel army, in Stonewall Jackson's brigade, during the war, and had been employed on the Connellsville R. R, and afterward on the B. & B. R. R. He had received his wages for his week's work, and it is now believed that he was murdered and placed along side the railroad to ward off suspicion of foul play. No clue has yet been found as to who were the authors of the bloody deed.—*Bedford Gazette*.

—At the Orange Street Meeting House yesterday there was a Quaker wedding in the presence of a large assemblage. The simple and beautiful ceremony of Friends is not generally known. It consists in the attendance of the bride and groom at a regualr meeting for worship. After sitting in silence a short time they rise and take each other by the hand and declare that, "In presence of the Lord and those assembled, they take each other to be husband and wife, promising, with Divine assistance, to be loving and faithful to each other until death separates them." A certificate of the fact is then read before the congregation assembled, which is signed by the contracting parties and by those present as witnesses.—*Phila Press*.

—A public singer lately died in Florence, Italy, and was buried with little display and brief notice by the newspapers whose fortune, nevertheless, had been rather remarkable. Some twenty years ago a music master was leaning over the parapets of one of the Florence bridges, and heard, far down the shallow stream, a peasant sing at the very humble work of dredging for fine grit, or sand. He was so struck that he called the singer to him, and took him home to educate. He could not write or read, and all the operas had to be read to him, but with the master's care he was soon singing in the principal theatres of Italy, and afterwards Europe. Such was Andrea Mazzanti, the famous baratone, who has just ended his days on the banks of his native Arno.

—The Japanese young girls who were sent to this country to be educated are now in Washington, and will there for the present remain. They learn quickly, are very studious, obedient and tractable, and set a very good example of deportment to the Washington young ladies. They are quiet, self possessed in their manners, and impress strangers favorably with their ladylike ways and quick perception. The eldest carries on conversation in English very well; but she thinks there are a great many Charlies in this country, and that we talk very fast. They not only have become accustomed to the American style of dress, but like it, though they do make such little blunders as wearing things upside down and inside out.

A Perilous Position.

Lengel, the lion tamer, has achieved notoriety by the number of times he has suffered laceration by the claws and teeth of caged animals. He was at Portage City, Minn., a few days ago, exhibiting his "lion-taming" abilities in a circus. One of his cages contained three partially tamed brutes, two lionesses and a lion. He had found, contrary to usual experience, that the male lion was the most crafty of the three, and on two occasions before the one at Portage City he had detected this huge fellow in the act of sneaking up to seize his leg. During the afternoon exhibition at Portage City the tamer was going through his usual performance in this cage, with two men stationed outside with iron rods between the bars of the cage, to assist, if necessary, in warding off attack. The lion had somewhat puzzled him, manifesting a different nature from that of any with which he had dealt, and for that reason he kept his eye upon him; but at one point he was obliged to turn and face the two lionesses as they passed him, leaving the lion, in the meantime, to be watched by the attendants. But the attendants failed to see the monster sneak along the floor. The audience were watching more closely, the danger was seen, and a cry of alarm was raised; but it was too late, the monster's jaws had closed on the calf of Lengel's right leg, the teeth met, and Lengel fell to the floor of the cage. His club flew from his hand as he fell, and was beyond his reach; the moment was one of terrible suspense; the spectators were terrified, and the two attendants paralyzed at the result of their carelessness. But Lengel's presence of mind did not desert him. The lion, even in his rage, could not forget the power of his fallen antagonist, and loosened his hold for a moment, and before the lioness could gather for an attack the tamer was on his feet, seized his whip, and attacked his foe, lashing him into the corner. Leaving the cage, Lengel walked to his dressing-box across the ring, where he sank faint from the loss of blood. It was found that no bones were broken, but the wounds were so large and deep that the surgeon who dressed them probed them with his finger and failed to touch the end.

Lengel has been five times before bitten by his pets, and shows a scarred body; but in every case before his wounds have been from lionesses. This, he thinks, is the second case in which he has been intentionally bitten, the other four being accidents, when in their snarls among themselves they have seized him by mistake.

FEMALE DISEASES.

At the present day it is extremely rare to find a female who is entirely free from some one or other of the diseases peculiar to her sex. Go where you will, on the mountain top or in the valley, in the hamlet or in the city, among the rich or the lowly, there will be found very few females who are not laboring under physical affliction peculiar to womanhood.

The cause of this we will not undertake to explain here. The numerous applications made to us for relief during our twenty years' practice, have long since induced us to make especial study and investigation of these diseases, and their best method of cure. They are maladies of a peculiar character, and as a general thing they require a method of treatment entirely unlike that adopted for those common to both sexes. In fact, the very frequency and extent of female diseases in our midst, is good evidence that the "common treatment" has not met with success, and shows that some more efficient course *should* be adopted.

We were long since convinced that local remedies and external appliances, bandages, &c., were mere palliatives for the time, and of no permanent value whatever, but oft times injurious; and that an efficient course of medication was the only hope of cure.

For the benefit of those who may be afflicted with any disease peculiar to the sex, whether from a slight cold, followed by a derangement and irregularity of the general system, which many times produces cough, expectoration, tightness of chest, difficult breathing, palpitation, &c., with all the symptoms of "going into a decline," or from any of the very many other causes which produce such terrible suffering among women, as to make life a burden to them, we would say, that our remedies are selected and prepared with a special view towards these ends, and will give relief in all these kinds of cases, without needless exposure to indelicate examinations, or wearing of disagreeable instruments or cumbrous appliances.

We have *cured* hundreds—yes, thousands—of cases by medical treatment alone, hundreds of whom we have never seen, but who only obtained their medicines after having *sent* to us their cases for examination.

Our remedies in these diseases are *mild* but *effectual*, and are such as we have found out to act in conformity with the laws of nature in regulating health; and from the success which has almost invariably crowned our efforts in these cases, we can promise, and do promise, a speedy *cure* in every case where a reasonable hope can be entertained.

For the benefit of those living at a distance laboring under Chronic Affections, and unable to attend in person, we would say: by sending us a vial of *urine* for examination, the necessary medicines can be sent them by express.

L. OLDSHUE, M D.
T. L OLDSHUE, M. D.
J. W OLDSHUE, M. D.

Address DRS. OLDSHUE.
No. 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DUBIOUS DISEASES.

For years, we might almost say for centuries, consumption has been classed among the diseases of doubtful cure, consequently, people when they have supposed it to exist, have abandoned all hope of staying its progress, and have allowed its victims to suffer on until death gathers them into its vortex. Not so now. Dr. Keyser, with DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE, has established the truth, that consumption, like any other disease, has its remedy. Not one or two sporadic cases, that perhaps would have recovered under the hand of nature alone, but dozens and scores of unhealthy people have been rescued from the grasp of this fell destroyer of the human family, and live to bless DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE to their latest breath. So much is this the case that there is hardly a family on whose mantel piece may not be seen the famous bottle bearing this inscription: "DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE, OR PULMONARY RESTORATIVE," a name significant enough, and before the contents of which incipient pulmonary maladies vanish like noxious mists before the morning sun. DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE is a health giving elixir, which none who ever used it can deem of dubious value. It can be had at the Doctor's Great Medicine Store, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, $1 50 per bottle, 4 for $5 00. Dr. Keyser's private consulting office in the rear of his store, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

WE have often wondered whether there is a person in all New England, who does not know and appreciate the value of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* as a family medicine? It is adapted to most all purposes, and is the best pain killer that can be used.

A BRUTAL HUSBAND.—Arthur Martin was before the mayor yesterday morning to answer charges of such inhuman and brutal treatment of his wife, as, if true, ought to consign him to the penitentiary. Tuesday evening the poor woman, half dead from exhaustion, was found on Walter street carrying a thirty-six pound weight fastened round her neck by a chain. She was poorly clad, and altogether in a most wretched condition. She stated that her husband accused her of drinking liquor, and had frequently of late, by padlock, fastened the chain and weight either to her ankle or her neck.

She further stated that Martin had once burned her lips with a red-hot poker, and had been in the habit of cruelly using her. Her story could hardly be credited by the officers, but there was no mistake as to the chain and weight. The poor woman, evidently through fear, refused to prosecute, but her husband was sent for and arraigned on a charge of disorderly conduct.

Subsequently Chief Irwin made an information for aggravated assault and battery. Martin denied burning her mouth, and claimed that she had fallen against the stove. As to the iron necklace, he said that the woman would drink, and he had used every means to prevent it. The accused paid a fine of $25 and the costs on the disorderly conduct case, and gave bail in $1,000 to answer the other charge at court.—*Pittsburgh Mail, 20th inst.*

FARMERS and stock raisers have frequently told us that they have seen very good results from giving *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* to cows and swine before and after they drop their young. The powders put them in good condition, and give them strength to care and provide for the sucklings.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT

PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated **National Line of Steamers** to and from Europe. This line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for £1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call on MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-3t.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE PERSONAL PROPERTY

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale,
On Tuesday, the 16th day of July next,
At CRESSON STATION, PA. R. R., the following personal property, to wit: 12 MULES, 6 YOUNG BLOODED HORSES and MARES, 1 pair of DRIVING PONIES, with Harness to fit, 20 sets of Mule Harness, 2 double sets of Yankee Harness, 2 double Log Trucks, 4 single log Trucks, 2 Sleds, 1 Buck Wagon, 1 two-horse open Carriage, 1 Buggy, 1 set single Buggy Harness, 1 Sulky, 4 four-horse Wagons, 1 two-horse Wagon, 1 Ox Wagon, 220,000 feet of Cherry, Cucumber, Poplar, Ash and Hemlock Logs, 120,000 Plastering Laths, 8,000 feet of Hemlock Paling, Siding, 4,000 feet White Oak Flooring, 100,000 Pine, Poplar, Cherry, Bass and Hemlock Lumber, 1 forty-horse power Steam Engine, with two No. 1 Cylinder Boilers 30 feet long and 8 inches in diameter.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. A reasonable credit will be given.

M. M. ADAMS.
Cresson, June 22, 1872.-3t.

"TRIUMPH of the ÆTNA"

THE ORIGINAL AND RELIABLE DOUBLE MOTION
ÆTNA
MOWING & REAPING MACHINES
MADE BY THE ÆTNA MANUFACTURING CO. SALEM OHIO
ÆTNA
SEND FOR PAMPHLET CONTAINING FULL DESCRIPTION

MOWING MATCH.

FROM THE RAVENNA (OHIO) "DEMOCRAT," JULY, 1867.

A very spirited and interesting Mowing Match was held on the farm of C. H. Bostwick, Esq., near Campbellsport, in this county, on the 17th inst. There was a large attendance of spectators, and more than ordinary interest manifested in the friendly competition. An agreement had been entered into, between the parties representing the different machines, that only Common Machines (such as are ordinarily offered for sale, and not made for special occasions) should be allowed to enter the contest, each machine should mow an equal amount of grass, and one team and driver should be used for all, in order that the trial might be a fair one, and the merits of the machines alone lay claim to public favor. The "ÆTNA" Mower, made by the ÆTNA Manufacturing Co., of Salem, Ohio, for which Peter H. Bean appeared as agent, proved to have the lightest draught, and this, with its simplicity of construction and beauty of design, combined with its powerful cutting qualities, made it the favorite of the day.

Captain A. T. King, of Charlestown, was chosen as a committee to note the draught of each machine, as indicated by a dynamometer, which was found to be as follows:

"Ætna,"	Draught,	150 lbs.
"Buckeye,"	"	175 "
"Excelsior,"	"	175 "
"World,"	"	175 "
"Thayer's,"	"	165 "
"Wood,"	"	200 "

For Pamphlet, containing full description of THE "ÆTNA" MOWER AND REAPER, WITH FIFTY REASONS WHY IT IS SUPERIOR,

Call on, or Address,

GEO. HUNTLEY, Agent
For Cambria County, Ebensburg Pa.

Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : : JUNE 29, 1872

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

THE COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—It will be seen from the following announcement that the President of the late Democratic County Convention has appointed an Executive Committee, as he was authorized to do by the action of that body. The substitution of this Committee in place of the usual standing County Committee being a matter not merely of form, but of substance, the Democracy of the county will expect prompt and energetic work at its hands.

In pursuance of the authority vested in me by the late Democratic County Convention, which assembled at Ebensburg, May 27, 1872, I hereby appoint the following named persons to act as the Democratic County Executive Committee, until the meeting of the next County Convention, in 1873, and to perform all the duties heretofore pertaining to the County Committee which was abolished by said Convention:

N. HORNE, *Chairman*, Johnstown.
JACOB ZIMMERMAN, Johnstown.
THOMAS JUDGE, Cambria Borough.
HENRY TOPPER, Adams township.
JOHN S. RHEY, Ebensburg.
JOHN BUCK, Carrolltown.
CHARLES O'HAGAN, Gallitzin.
JOHN DURBIN, Clearfield township.
JOHN FARREN, Washington tp.

JAMES KING,
President County Convention.

Johnstown, June 19, 1872.

Maps and Mishaps at and near Home.

LOTS of visitors at Cresson.

ARGUMENT COURT on the 8th July.

No paper will be issued from this office next week.

HOMER, Indiana county, says it has found a lead mine.

PROF. CHAPMAN'S normal school is largely attended.

THE new depot building at Altoona is nearly under roof.

THE emigrant travel on the Pa. Railroad is very heavy just now.

THAT daily paper in Johnstown continues to agitate James F. Campbell.

JOHNSTOWN will celebrate the 4th with horse racing, picnics, dancing, etc.

HON. H. D FOSTER will go back to Congress from the Westmoreland district.

SOME of Johnstown's young ladies purloin flowers from Sandyvale Cemetery.

A NEW bridge will marry the boroughs of Conemaugh and Woodvale this summer.

A BOY named Brown was run over by the cars at Derry one day last week and killed.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS is the pitiful sum received by suffering Somerset thus far.

A FREIGHT conductor, whose name we did not learn, had an arm broken at Gallitzin last Friday.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—Caps, Capes, and Torches. Read card of Cunningham & Hill, in this paper.

HON. BELFORD is going to take a far-western trip next fall. He says the trout are plenty out there.

A FINE display of fireworks will be one of the attractions of the evening of the 4th in Ebensburg.

ADOLPH EDAVANE, 18 years of age, was drowned in a dam near Hollidaysburg, while bathing, last Saturday.

A. C. FINNEY, well known here, is Clearfield's radical nominee for delegate to the Constitutional Convention.

THE labor reformers of Blair county will hold a convention at Hollidaysburg on July 10 to nominate a full county ticket.

THE vote to determine the place for holding elections in the West Ward in future will be held to-morrow. To the polls!

A COLORED follower of a circus jumped into a dam at Water Street last Sunday and forgot to come to the surface afterward.

CHARLEY ALBRIGHT, formerly of Ebensburg, wants the radical nomination for Congressman-at-large if there is an opening for him.

A LOCOMOTIVE on the Clearfield and Tyrone railroad hauled a train of ninety-one loaded cars over the mountain the other day.

A CONFIDING young man from Bedford loaned his carpet-Bag and some money to a newly-made friend in Pittsburgh on Tuesday.

A CAR LOAD of "men and brethren," destined for the Hollidaysburg and Williamsburg Railroad, arrived at the former place last week.

JENNIE BOWERS, aged 6, while walking on the railroad near Fostoria, was struck by a passing engine, last Thursday, and severely injured.

A LAD of ten years shot an American bald eagle in Westmoreland county last Friday. It measured six feet two inches from tip to tip of the wings.

MARSHALL JONES, for a long time the telegraph operator at this place, resigned that position last Saturday evening. He was efficient and accommodating.

EBENSBURG has two female streets. Marian and Julian, and it may be mentioned as a singular fact that, though near neighbors, they have never been known to cross one another.

M. L. OATMAN is receiving a large new stock of dress and dry goods, and tells us to say through these columns that any one wanting something NICE in that line can get it at his store.

ALTOONA has a business sign which runs in this wise: "going out Whitewashing done here." Which lays over the sign Ebensburg used to be so proud of: "Weaver by John Smith."

AT the annual session of the Pennsylvania Grand Temple of Honor and Temperance, held at Scranton last week, Hon A. A. Barker, of Ebensburg, was elected Grand Worthy Templar.

CLEARFIELD is talking loud. The erection of a fire-brick manufactory, with a capacity of 15,000 brick a day, is suggested, and some capitalist threatens to tie up $20,000 in a sawmill and boom.

A HEN belonging to Matthew Patton, of Menno township, Mifflin county, recently laid an egg of enormous size, which, upon being opened, was found to contain another fully developed egg inside.

SAMUEL HURST and Lafayette Weaver, of Woodcock Valley, Huntingdon county, have been arrested and bound over for horse stealing. It grew out of a horse trade and some difficulty about "trueing bargains."

PICNICS will be held on the 4th at Summit and Gallitzin, the proceeds at both places to be devoted to church purposes. The Altoona Cornet Band will be present at the latter. We know they both will be enjoyable affairs.

THE children belonging to the Academy of the "Holy Name," of this place, will hold their exhibition in the "Wigwam" on Tuesday, July 9th. The children are well trained, and deserve encouragement from our citizens.

ONCE in a long while, a hard hearted husband refuses to take his wife to V. S. Barker's cheap store to buy her a Doily Vardeu, and immediately after the folks say of that woman that she has an "annadickensonian power of jaw."

THE exhibition of the students of St Francis College, Loretto, came off Tuesday. We were unable to be present, but learn that though the number of persons in attendance was not so great as on some former occasions, the affair was an entire success.

THOUGH the wheat crop looks well since the late rains, and though all prospects of a famine have happily vanished, yet there are those in our midst to day who need bread—good bread. They ought to buy their flour from Ed. Mills, High street.

A POSTER headed "Caution," notifying all concerned that Sec. 4 of Chapter 14 of our borough ordinance will be rigidly enforced, decorates the pillars and public places of town. This means that there will be no exploding of gunpowder on the 4th.

OF the Cambria county gentleman who has lately become repossessed of Congressional aspirations, it is thought it may be said with a tolerable degree of precision that though he is now a candidate, it will not be a great while till he will be a can'tidate.

MOSQUITOES are disagreeable acquaintances. Nobody likes them, and how to steer clear of them is an oft recurring midsummer inquiry. Smoke them out, and use Lemmon & Murray's royal cabana cigars to do it with. They are the best cigars in town.

THE business of carrying the mails from Ebensburg northward passes into the hands of Messrs John A. Kennedy and Julius Steich next Monday. They have provided themselves with new and nicely finished coaches, and will convey passengers to and fro at reasonable rates.

THE HERALD says that that diabolical woodcut which it printed a few weeks ago was a "fair representation of Moore," the convicted murderer. It resembled Moore about as much as it resembled Moore's off-ox, and was as near a "fair representation" of anything as usually gets into the HERALD.

THE Second Annual Commencement of Mount Gallitzin Seminary, Ebensburg, will take place on Thursday, July 11th. Parents, patrons, and well wishers are respectfully invited to be present. An ice cream festival and other enjoyables will be prepared in the "Wigwam" the evening of the same day.

CHAM. ROBERTS does not brag so much of that new pavement of his as he brags about the new stock of watches, clocks, jewelry, etc., to be seen in his store. He says they are the nicest to be got in market, and he furthermore avers that the prices at which they are held cannot be improved on in Philadelphia.

VAST quantities of rain have fallen throughout this section during the present week, and the rivers and creeks in every direction are bank full. Lilly's, in this county, was partly inundated, and considerable damage to bridges, etc, is reported from east of the mountain. No perceptible rise of the river at Cherrytree was apparent.

WE made mention in a portion of our edition last week of an accident which had befallen Henry Kaylor on Friday. He was working at Gittings, Jones & Co.'s sawmill, a couple of miles west of town, at the time, and was engaged felling a tree, when a limb dropped and struck him on the head. He was considerably cut and bruised, but not dangerously injured.

A REUNION of the officers and employees of the old Portage railroad, and the canal and other public works of Pennsylvania, is to take place at the head of Plane No. 5, Summit, this county, in September next at the Mansion Hotel, in that place. Jno. Dougherty, of Mt. Union, is to deliver the oration. Governor Geary, and other prominent ex-officials of the works, are to be present.

IN another column will be found an advertisement relating to the Ætna Mowing and Reaping Machines. These machines are said to be the best in the world for the several purposes for which they are intended. G. Huntley is the agent for their sale in northern Cambria. We advise all our farmer friends who have not seen the machines to call at Mr. Huntley's store and investigate their merits.

ABOUT eighteen years ago, a stranger visited Somerset. He happened to say that they made better butter than the Glade where he came from, and the Somerseters put him in jail for it. He got mad at this, and made some noise, and the legend goes on to say that he predicted that Somerset would some day be burned up. That man is wanted now—that prophetic stranger—mainly to vouch for the truth of this story.

THIS is from last week's report of the city councils of Altoona: "Mr. McKiernan stated that a 'verdant, unsophisticated youth from Cambria county, who lately became a sojourner in this city, and being ignorant of the ordinances, was fined $10 for having on his evening walk stopped in front of one of our churches, to listen to the sweet strains of music that proceeded therefrom,' and as the young man was no rowdy, and as he did not know the law, he therefore moved that the fine be remitted. Agreed to."

IN company with a select few, we sat down to a big dinner at Foster's on Sunday. It is not necessary to go over the usual formula of saying that the board groaned, etc., and that all did ample justice, etc., but one fact we cannot refrain from mentioning, namely: that new potatoes of Foster's own growing was one of the dishes that graced the table. Mark the date—the 23d! Foster, by the way, is landlord of the Cambria House. The patronage he receives in his line of business shows that his labors for the public are appreciated.

SCOTT MONROE again. He went to the penitentiary from this place some years ago for larceny, but was pardoned out. He came back to tell us all how glad he was at having regained his liberty and went away with a stray coat on his back. Then we heard from him at Hollidaysburg and other points east, and it was always the same old story of thieving and theft. At last, he arrived at Bedford and to arrive at a place was with him to steal. It was a roll of butter, and Scott was captured, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a year. He broke jail—this was last April—and was not heard of till the other day, when he was captured in Cumberland, Md. He is now in the penitentiary.

HARRY WHITE always was a fraud. But just now he is a fraud and a nuisance combined. One-half the papers we pick up state that he has resigned off the radical State ticket as nominee for Congressman at large, while the other half declare as by authority that he continues to "stick." As if this were not enough, here comes the report that he has declined the nomination for delegate to the Constitutional Convention, to be followed, of course, by multitudinous denials. It is no concern of ours, but as a matter of comfort this hot weather we would like to have these provoking contradictions definitely settled. Or must we wait till October, when both they and Harry can be so effectually settled that neither will ever afterward be heard of?

A HEARTRENDING STORY.—A correspondent sends us the following sorrowful narrative of the journey of the corpse of an Altoona woman from Missouri to Altoona:

Some two months ago, a man living in Altoona took his wife to Missouri, to have a cancer removed from her breast. A surgical operation was performed, but unsuccessfully, and the woman last week died. The body was shipped for Altoona per railroad in a baggage car, the husband accompanying it. By an oversight, the latter failed to procure a certificate from the physician in attendance, setting forth the cause of her death. The small-pox is greatly feared along the line of the railroad, and the oversight spoken of was most unfortunate in its results, as will appear upon reading what follows. At one point, where a change of cars became necessary, the conductor refused to allow the coffin to be put on his train, and it was only after the most piteous appeals had been made that he allowed it storage. At Pittsburg, no one could be found willing to help him transfer the coffin, and the conductor also refused to allow it on his train. The coffin was a metallic one, and heavy, and while attempting to carry it, UNAIDED, the husband let it fall, and it broke. He was then obliged to wrap his overcoat around it to hide its contents from the gaze of passers-by! He somehow found a conductor with enough sympathy in his heart to allow him to take the coffin to Altoona, where it arrived at 12 o'clock, midnight, last Saturday. A new coffin was procured, and on Sunday morning the wearied body was laid to rest.

A LIVELY SUNDAY.—Last Sunday was an eventful day in Altoona. The city was full to overflowing with visitors, drawn thither to witness the ceremonies attendant upon the dedication of a new addition to the German Catholic church, in East Altoona, and the laying of the corner stone of St. Mary's Catholic church. A large procession, headed by a brass band, traversed the streets, and proceeded to the site of the new church. Just as the ceremony of laying the corner-stone was being commenced, the alarm of fire was struck, and in a moment the entire body of worshipers was dispersed, one and all hastening away to the fire. One hotel, the American House, on Railroad street, and two stables, were burned down. Bishop Domenec officiated at the religious ceremonies. He arrived at Altoona on Sunday on a special train. While this train was in the vicinity of the upper bridge, and moving at a pretty rapid rate of speed, a young man named George Kline attempted to jump on. He missed his footing and fell on the track, the wheels passing over his body and killing him instantly. The same evening, a mad dog made himself manifest on the streets, and created unbounded confusion.

THE attention of the reader is directed to a number of new advertisements this week.

LIST OF JURORS FOR SEPTEMBER COURT—Messrs. Thomas Davis and Alex. Skelly, Jury Commissioners, met here last Monday, and drew the several juries for the ensuing September term of our county Courts. Subjoined are the names drawn:

Grand Jurors.

George C. K. Zahm, Ebensburg, Foreman.
John Dively, Croyle Township.
Patrick Dimond, Prospect Borough.
S. M. Douglass, Chest Springs Borough.
Patrick Doran, Summerhill Township.
Thomas Fitzpatrick, Clest Township.
Hugh Gallagher, Gallitzin Township.
B. F. Horner, Johnstown.
Martin F. Kelly, Gallitzin Township.
Samuel Kelly, Clearfield Township.
Abel Lloyd, Ebensburg.
Richard Morgan, Johnstown.
Jacob Mouse, Allegheny Township.
John E. McKenzie, Chest Springs.
James Mellon, Cambria Borough.
James Murray, Ebensburg.
Jacob S. Meldron, Johnstown.
John S. Ogden, Johnstown.
John Pendry, Jr., Johnstown.
George J. Rodgers, Ebensburg.
William J. Tierney, Cambria Township.
James Tittle, Johnstown.
Benjamin Wirtner, Carrolltown.
Andrew White, Carroll Township.

Traverse Jurors—First Week.

Adams—James Costlow, Syl. Reynolds.
Allegheny—James Dailey, Francis A. Storm.
Blacklick—Davis Bracken, Luther Styles.
Cambria Tp.—James Mills, John O'Connell, Robert Murray, John McBride.
Cambria Boro.—Henry Gore, Jacob Kuhn.
Carroll—David Abrams, Alexander Brawley, Thomas Davis, Joseph Gutwalt, Wm. Luther, Christian White.
Carrolltown—Andrew Houk.
Conemaugh Tp.—Abraham Alwine, Ephraim Wissinger.
Conemaugh Borough—James Griffin, Patrick Markey.
Clearfield—E. R. Dunegan, Patrick Donovan.
Ebensburg—William A. Jones, James Myers, Joseph Skelly.
Gallitzin—Joseph Will.
Johnstown—William Caldwell, Wm. Flattery, John B. Hay, John Thomas.
Loretto—John Bradley, Edward Little, Michael Maloy, George McGuire.
Millville—Patrick Connelly, Wm. M. Davis.
Prospect—Edward Little.
Richland—George Orris.
Summerhill—William Flynn, John L. Hess, Edward McGlade.
Susquehanna—John Manlon, M. J. Platt.
White—Isaac Gates.
Wilmore—John McColgan.

Traverse Jurors—Second Week.

Adams—Henry Topper.
Allegheny—John C. Bradley.
Cambria Tp.—T. W. Shoemaker.
Carroll—William Cole, James Kane, jr.
Carrolltown—Henry Scanlan.
Chest—Jacob Kibler.
Clearfield—Peter Litzinger.
Conemaugh Boro.—Joseph Alwine, Joseph Berlin.
Croyle—Peter McClarrin.
Coopersdale—Jacob Hoover.
Ebensburg—E. Roberts, Lewis Rodgers, John D. Thomas.
Franklin—Ephraim Custer.
Gallitzin—Thomas Hagan, Charles O'Hagan.
Jackson—August Link, James M. Singer, Henry Varner.
Johnstown—Casper Burgraff, C. Emerson, William Fleming, Joseph Fisher, Joseph Layton, D. C. Morris.
Loretto—W. Jamison, Thomas O'Friel.
Munster—John Dailey, William Glass, James Moreland, Patrick Smith, Cornelius Dever, Daniel M. Farren.
Richland—George Conrad.
Summerhill—John Riley.
Susquehanna—Augustine Craver.
Taylor—Christian Bomgardner, Jos. Burket, Joseph S. Paul.
Washington—Thomas J. Brawley, Morris George, Thomas Hewit, James Rainey.
Wilmore—Ephraim Crum.
Yoder—Jacob Croyle, Henry Howard.

CARROLLTOWN—Our Carrolltown correspondent sends us the following news items:

On Wednesday last, Willie Flick, about 9 years of age, son of Mr. Frank Flick, of Carrolltown, came near losing his life from sun stroke. For several days, his memory was seriously impaired and all power of recognition gone. He is gradually recovering, and I am glad to be able to say that no fears are entertained by his physician of any permanent injury resulting from the accident, if such it can be called.

On Saturday evening, as Mr. Frank Saupp, of Loretto, had got about a mile on his way home from Carrolltown, he was thrown from his buggy and seriously injured. From Dr. J. J. Oatman, who was called upon to attend him, we learn that his leg was broken in a manner known as "Potts' fracture," in the neighborhood of the ankle, and the ankle itself dislocated at the joint. Considering the fact that Mr. Saupp was already a cripple from the "late unpleasantness," this injury will set hard on him. We all sincerely sympathize with him in his new affliction.

THE FIREMEN'S PICNIC.—We have heretofore announced in these columns that the Dauntless Fire Company would indulge in a grand celebration on the "Glorious 4th," and in our last issue gave an outline of the programme. It will do no harm, however, to say again that the Company will have a street parade at 9 a. m., preceeded by the engine, hook and ladder and hose carriages, etc., a brass band, flags, etc., after which they will repair to Lloyd's Grove for a day's genuine old-fashioned recreation and amusement. At 10 o'clock, the Declaration of Independence will be read, after which, an oration will be delivered by John S. Rhey, Esq. Dinner at 11½ o'clock. Dancing, croquet, etc., at 12 o'clock. The programme is a good one, and the management are abundantly able to carry it out to a successful finality. All who desire to pass "the day we celebrate" in a pleasant and harmless manner should strain a point to be present.

SCRIBNER'S FOR JULY.—The West Point Military Academy and its surroundings are profusely and beautifully illustrated in SCRIBNER'S for July, the historical and descriptive text being supplied by Benson J. Lossing. This article appears just at the time that public attention is attracted to the Academy. Another timely paper is that on "Woman as a Smuggler and Woman as a Detective," in which one of the most curious and suggestive branches of the Custom House system is fully exposed. Mr. Warner's "Back Log Studies" by the way, one of the best series of magazine articles ever published in America) are, if anything, more delightful than their predecessors. "Draxy Miller's Dowry," a very fresh and strong piece of characterization, by that mysterious author Saxe Holm, is concluded in this number; and a generous installment is given of Mrs. Oliphant's "At His Gates." Mr. Wilkinson's searching but courteous criticism of "Mr. Lowell's Prose" is concluded. Then we have a strong naturalistic story by James T. McKay, entitled "Harker and Blind;" an interesting little illustrated article on spiders ("Will you walk into my Parlor?"); an illustrated paper, "As Others See us," by Prof. Wilder, of "Cornell;" a brief essay on "The Law of the Heart and the Law of the Street," by Hodgkins; and poems by Mrs. Whitney and Miss Osgood. The Editorial Departments, are, as usual, quite full. Dr. Holland, in "Topics of the Time," talks about "The Christian Sabbath in Great Cities," "The Literary Bureaus Again," "Our President" and "Indirect Damages." The Old Cabinet has something concerning "Old Probabilities," "My Famous Friend," "Poor Pillicoddy," and "Mrs. Whitney's Pansies." "Nature and Science," "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," and "Etchings," are full of practical information and entertainment.

THE SEASIDE.—At Cape May the Columbia house will be ready for guests on Saturday, the 29th of this month. Mr. George J. Bolton, proprietor of Bolton's hotel at this place and the Washington hotel on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, will again open the Columbia—this being his ninth season at the capes and sixth season at the same house. For desirable locality, good ocean front, smooth beach and a general line of home comforts let us recommend the popular Columbia house, and for the finest ocean bathing on the coast, the best patronized and best regulated seashore home for the summer, let us recommend Cape May. Mr. Bolton informs us his band has been engaged as usual, and the Columbia will not fail to sustain its well earned reputation for comfort and pleasure.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

THE LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE.—This Machine has been known for six years past, but no effort has been made to push it, until, by reason of recent improvements, it has been declared superior to anything yet invented. There is just one-fourth as many pieces used in its construction as in a Howe Machine, and it will do twice the work.

It will sew finer and heavier goods than any machine in the market.

It has all the power of a large Singer, while it runs as light and quiet as the Wilcox & Gibbs.

There is no machine in the market that will dare go on trial with it.

It makes the Lock Stich, alike on both sides. R. W. Steadman & Co., General Agents, No. 29 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh.

DR. ISENBERG, of Altoona, has the only right in Central Pennsylvania to apply the Fabsom improvements on artificial teeth, and is not only ready but willing to promise in all cases (no matter how difficult) perfect satisfaction. This improvement is fully adopted to public speakers, no matter how difficult the case.—They will not fall in coughing, laughing, or talking. Ministers and lawyers should feel themselves particularly interested.

GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!—Andy Foster, of the well known firm of Geis & Foster, was in New York and Philadelphia recently, and as his experience in the purchase of dry goods of the newest patterns, latest styles and best quality is well known we expect to see a rush of customers to that establishment when this fact becomes generally known. Geis & Foster have the largest and best selected stock of dry goods in this city, but the firm desire to call particular attention to the department allotted to CARPETS.

One portion of their large store is devoted to the sale of carpets, and as they buy an immense stock at a time they are necessarily enabled to buy and sell cheaper than any other store in town. Visit Geis & Foster's mammoth store on Clinton street, Johnstown, and examine their goods and prices and we are sure you will patronize the firm.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metallic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Mattrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
11-18.-1y. 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

THE SUEZ CANAL is kept open for the largest ships, with a depth of twenty feet of water.—All the dry goods and dress goods that are sold by John J. Murphy come either through this canal or over the great Pacific ocean; so that his silks are direct from China, while his other imported goods are from various foreign parts. Mr. Murphy has now the best selection of dry goods, dress goods and fancy goods that the eye ever rested on. His store is at the corner of Main and Franklin street, Johnstown, and all those who want cheap, fashionable goods should be sure to go there.

THE TARIFF.—What is meant by the tariff is a duty laid on goods imported into this country. M. H. Mayer, No. 243 Main street, first floor of the Opera House, Johnstown, has taken the tariff entirely off his ready-made clothing, and is now prepared to sell any quantity of summer clothing at prices within a fraction of the original cost and carriage. He goes in for quick sales and small profits, and a frequent return of money. Those who call with Mr. Mayer for the purpose of buying clothing may depend on getting good bargains in all kinds of apparel.

MRS. SWISSHELM lectured not long since in Pittsburgh. Her subject was, "Where to buy cheap dress goods." The entire audience voted in favor of Aldendifer & Coppock, Main street, Johnstown, under the Opera House, where can be found every modern style of goods, every kind of a pattern, every color and shade of article known, every kind of hats, bonnets and ribbons, and the only natural curled hair in the county. No. 212, first floor, Opera House.—Please give these enterprising young gentlemen a call.

ECLIPSES.—There are three things that eclipse the sun, and they are the moon, clouds and night; but nothing can possibly eclipse Jas. J. Murphy's sale of ready-made clothing, at his Star Clothing Store, No. 103 Clinton st., Johnstown, where summer clothing, summer hats, summer collars, summer neckties, summer suspenders, summer umbrellas, and all other kinds of light summer clothing are kept constantly for sale by the cord, gross, dozen or single article. Mr. M. has a very large stock on hand now.

THAT BEAR.—That great big bear that came out of the wilderness and danced before S. J. Hess & Brother's Clothing Store couldn't attract the immense crowd that were there buying and carrying off coats, pants, vests, cuffs, collars, cravats, and everything else that makes them look well and feel well in hot weather. That man must be extremely silly who would wear heavy, costly clothing in summer when he can get cheap, light summer clothing at 241 Main street, Johnstown.

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. ☞ "Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

OBITUARY.

DAVIS.—Died, at the residence of his parents, in Cambria township, on Tuesday last, Henry Davis, aged about 22 years. The remains of the deceased, followed by a very large funeral cortege, were interred on Thursday.

NOTICE.—James McDermitt *vs* Michael McDermitt, John McDermitt, Michael A. McDermit, son of full age of Henry McDermit, deceased, and Charles V. McDermit, by his Guardian, James Litzinger—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, No. 92 December Term, 1867. Pluries. Summons in Partition.

And now, June 12, 1872, Rule upon James McDermit, John McDermit, and James Litzinger, Guardian of Charles V. McDermit, John C. McDermit, and James P. McDermit, infinor children of Henry McDermit, deceased, is awarded by the Court to appear therein on the first day of next term, to accept or refuse to take the real estate at the valuation put upon it by the inquest held on the 29th day of February, A. D. 1872.

Notice to be given to Michael McDermit of the Rule by publication six times in the *Cambria Freeman*. By the Court.

[SEAL.] From the Record. Certified 12th of June, 1872. J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Attest W. B. BONAKER, Sheriff. [jc29.6t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of Plur. Vend. Expon. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 22D day of JULY next, at one o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title, and interest of David Burkhart of, in, and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Michael Platt, Peter Heifrick, and others, containing sixty-eight acres, more or less, about thirty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house, a one story frame stable, and a log barn, now in the occupancy of David Burkhart. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Dr. John J. Krise, M. D. W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, June 29th, 1872.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of Vend. Expon. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 22D day of JULY next, at one o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title, and interest of Joseph Hollen, of, in, and to a piece or parcel of land, situate in White Township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Daniel Glass, William Smith, and others, containing twenty acres, more or less, about five acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story log house, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. M. Troxell. W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, June 29th, 1872.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—To the heirs and legal representatives of Ann Evans, late of Ebensburg Borough, Cambria county, deceased:

Take notice, that an inquest will be held at the late residence of Ann Evans, deceased, in Ebensburg Borough, Cambria county, on MONDAY, the 22D day of JULY, next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the Real Estate of said deceased to and among her children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, June 26, 1872. 3t.

Presidential Campaign

CAPS, CAPES & TORCHES.

Send for ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR and PRICE LIST

CUNNINGHAM & HILL,
MANUFACTURERS,
No. 204 Church Str't,
PHILADELPHIA.
June 29, 1872.-2m.

STRAYS.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in White Township, on or about June 15th, instant, one iron gray mare, about 10 years old, and a dark bay horse, black tail, mane, and legs, star in forehead, and right eye out. The owner will come forward and reclaim his property.

MATTHIAS KESSLER.

FOR SALE—A new Spring Wagon will be sold by the subscriber, on liberal terms. Also, Columbia Hay Rakes and the Valley Chief Mower and Reaper.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.
je.29.3t.

POSITIVELY

No Postponement!!

THE

GRAND CONCERT

AND

DISTRIBUTION OF LOTS

WILL

POSITIVELY TAKE PLACE

AS ADVERTISED, ON

JULY 4th, 1872.

300 BEAUTIFUL

BUILDING LOTS

Will Be Distributed.

Tickets, $1.00.

GEO. H. SHANAFELT,
GENERAL MANAGER,
72 Third Av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

LICENSE NOTICE.—The following petition has been presented for the action of the Court of Quarter Sessions, to be held at Ebensburg, on Monday, July 8th, 1872, to wit:

TAVERN LICENSE.

George W. Mullin, Washington township.
Mathew Dignam, Gallitzin township.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR.

Thomas McGough, 2d Ward, Johnstown.

J. K. HITE, Clerk.
Office Clerk Q. S., Ebensburg, June 18, 1872.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of PAT'K DOUGHERTY, dec'd.

The undersigned, having been appointed Administrator of the estate of Pat'k Dougherty, late of Washington township, Cambria county, deceased, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made immediately, and those having claims will please present them duly proved for settlement.

JAMES W. CONDON, Adm'r.
Summitville, June 22, 1872.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of WM. DOUGHERTY, dec'd.

Having been granted Letters of Administration on the estate of William Dougherty, late of Washington township, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES W. CONDON, Adm'r.
Summitville, June 22, 1872.-6t.

PETITION FOR INCORPORATION—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, No. 4, September Term, 1872.—Petition for the Incorporation of the GERMANIA BUILDING AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION of Johnstown.

And now, June 3, 1872, Petition read and Articles of Association perused and examined, which appearing to be lawful and not injurious to the community, are directed to be filed and notice of application for a Charter of Incorporation be given by publication for three successive weeks in one of the newspapers of the county. By the Court.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, June 12, 1872.-3t.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

SAMPLE STREET,

Near Union School House, Ebensburg,

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,
Spring Wagons, Sleighs,
And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skilful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Blacksmith work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

R. R. Davis & Co.

HIGH STREET,

Three Doors West of Centre Street,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Boots and Shoes, FLOUR, FEED, BACON, FISH,

Coffee, Tea, Syrups and Molasses.

ALL WHICH THEY PROMISE TO SELL AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

Country Produce taken for GOODS.

STATEMENT of the Auditors' Settlement with the School Board of Susquehanna township, Cambria county:

S. J. LUTHER, *Collector*,		DR.
To amount of Duplicate,		$993.46
	CR.	
By am't p'd John Bearer, Treas'r,	$503.53	
" Tax returned to Co. Com'rs,	55.32	
" Exonerations,	31.42	
" Commission,	49.67	645.94
Balance due District from Collector,		$347.52

JOHN BEARER, *Treasurer*,		DR.
To State Appropriation,		$110,88
John M. Weaklen, late Collector,		544.49
John Bearer, late Collector,		108.73
S. J. Luther, late Collector,		569.53-1273.63
	CR.	
By Orders paid,	1393.87	
" Commission,	24.51	1328.38
Balance due Treasurer from District,		$54.75

WE, the undersigned, do certify that we have examined the above accounts, and find them as above stated.

S. J. LUTHER,
JOHN SOMERVILLE, } Auditor.
P. W. HELFRICK,
Attest:—JOHN BEARER, Clerk. [6-22.-3t.]

THE IMPROVED ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.

NEW DRAW FEED, Lock Stitch.

THERE are some points in a Sewing Machine that ladies desiring to purchase should take into consideration, namely:

Lightness of Management,
Ease of Management,
Capacity to do the Work Required,
Freedom from Noise, and
Non-Liability to get out of Order.

We claim that the **Improved Elliptic** possesses all these points, and that it is

THE VERY BEST

FAMILY MACHINE

NOW MANUFACTURED,

And we solicit an examination of it. Agents wanted in every county, to whom we will give the most liberal terms. EATON BROTHERS.
17 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA. [6-22.-3m.]

New Advertisements.

THE GREAT DRESS GOODS AND DRY GOODS HOUSE.

Wholesale AND RETAIL,

A. W. ERWIN & CO.

172 and 174 FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY.

A GREAT STOCK! A VARIED STOCK! BOUGHT on the DECLINE!

SOME MOST REMARKABLE

BARGAINS! EVER KNOWN! Goods Shown Freely

WHEN YOU WANT TO INDULGE IN

Luscious Ice Cream,

CHOICE CONFECTIONS,

Foreign FRUITS, NUTS, &c.,

PRIME FRESH GROCERIES,

Tobacco, Cigars,

And Other Seasonable Luxuries,

CALL ON S. P. McCANN.

AGENTS WANTED FOR LIFE AND TIMES OF

Jas. Fisk, Jr.

Contains Biographies of Drew, Vanderbilt, Gould, Tweed, &c., with a financial history of the country for the last three years; and what **Grant knew** about "**BLACK FRIDAY.**" Over 500 pages. Price $2. Address New York BOOK CO., 145 Nassau St., New York.

KANSAS REGISTERED BONDS

Sale and Profitable Investment Bonds. Some of the wealthiest counties in KANSAS—Allen, Anderson, Franklin, Johnson and Douglas Counties. Registered by the State of Kansas. Interest and principal paid by the State Treasurer. The Bonds pay 7 per cent. interest, and are over three years old, the coupons having been always regularly and promptly paid. For statistics and information, address SAM'L A. GAYLORD & CO., 32 Wall St., N. Y. City.

NO MORE RUBBING!

BUY ONE OF

STONE'S FOUNTAIN WASHERS,

Retail price, $1.50. STONE & FORD, 609 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for Circular.

$1,000 REWARD

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching of Ulcerated Piles that *De Bing's Pile Remedy* fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all Druggists. Price, $1.00.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

When the Blood Rushes with rocket-like violence to the head, causing hot flushes, vertigo and dimness of sight, it is a